

NATURE FOR NATURE'S SAKE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am aware that you have kept pace with your contemporaries in giving to the world an occasional column of "Nature Notes," but are you sure that they have been written in the right spirit? Do you look upon the subject from the correct point of view? Are you *really* kind to dumb creatures, or have you not rather, on the contrary, still some pitiful, sneaking regard for human convenience in this connection?

In the event of your conscience smiting you at all in the matter, Perilla and I would be glad to offer ourselves as the humble instruments by whose means a nobler gospel could be promulgated from time to time in your pages. I am a nature lover, Perilla is a nature maniac, and our friends consider us both in this respect perfect naturals. We start, therefore, mentally well equipped for the crusade, and my immediate object in writing this letter is to satisfy you that we have also the necessary experience.

I may say, then, that I have always been devoted to animals. So has Perilla. Perhaps I like them best in the right place, and Perilla in the wrong, but the distinction is trifling, and, at any rate, the result is animals everywhere—which is just what the curate said when he fell over the mastiff on to the hedgehog merely because the porcupine brushed against his leg in the garden. Our garden is not large, and Perilla always fretted lest we were keeping the young emu short of exercise; but to me it seemed to sprint over the flowerbeds with frequency and zest, whilst the way in which it habitually ran at and chased the small boy who brought the gardener's dinner was enough in itself to acquit us of any such charge of inconsiderateness.

And talking of emus reminds me of Reckitts, our blue-tit, who is so tame he will bathe in the slop-basin at breakfast and shake himself over the omelette afterwards; but Perilla did not of course succeed in training him to this all at once. "If you only keep quite still for long enough," she had said on the first morning she opened his cage, "you can get any wild thing to come to you." Presumably a short December day did not afford the requisite scope, for I remember it was not Perilla's immobility, marked though that was, but a butterfly net and an acrobatic feat of my own which ultimately retrieved

him from the cornice before we went to bed.

Retrieving is one of the keenest of the pleasures one derives from animals. If Perilla yearns in summer to show the tortoise to a friend, the five minutes which I get in the nasturtium tangle under the monkey-puzzle makes spillikins seem comparatively tame; whilst, in the event of disappointment there, the corner where you squeeze between the laurels in your clean flannels is certain to produce a result of some kind. I never grudge the time spent in this pursuit, for, as Perilla says, the only real thrill you get from a tortoise is in finding him, and, as she has invariably gone back into the house before this happens, I get the thrill all to myself, and can furthermore take the first

command and blind to the proximity of fragile articles—she can still enjoy her nights in the servants' bedroom, to which her raucous snuffle and stertorous sleep have necessitated her relegation.

In insects I must admit one failure. We secured a number of cockroaches with our lease, but they did not answer: they never learnt to come to me, and Perilla never learnt to go to them. They are almost the only animals we have ever had which did not worship the ground Perilla trod upon, but this may have been partly because she never trod on the ground at all if she thought there was one within sight.

I hope I have said enough to convince you of our fitness to expound the humane in terms of the relative unimportance of the merely human; and I subscribe myself,
Yours to command,
LUCAN LOVEITT.



"IT SAYS 'ERE THAT THERE'LL BE ANOTHER GENERAL ELECTION AFORE THREE MONTHS IS OUT."

"WOT! DON'T YOUNG LORD 'ENRY GIVE SATISFACTION THEN?"

step to another by losing him again at once.

We have several dogs, but none, I can assert, whose dispositions have been spoiled by repression. Even the mastiff, under a promise which I made to Perilla when she first purchased him at the Dogs' Home because he was suffering from rickets, is never confined to the yard, but has the run of the drive—or at least, if he is in high spirits, he and the more timorous of our visitors have the run of it between them. Our terriers impress everybody with their implicit trust in mankind, and the manner in which they will fearlessly leap into the laps of afternoon callers who are balancing their tea and cake, is a standing testimonial to the humanity of our methods. Perilla never spares trouble with her pets, and by unremitting care we have kept our dachshund to a phenomenal old age, in which—though in the daytime she is deaf to

THE BEAR-GARDEN THAT I LOVE.

The house is full of Teddy bears;
They creep upon me unawares;
They catch my feet upon the mat
And make me think I've squashed the cat;
I sit upon them during meals
And shiver at their long-drawn squeals;
I find them in my bed at night,
But luckily they never bite.

The house is full of woolly rabbits;
One never masters *all* their habits;

They seem to have their little holes
In sofa-backs and china bowls;
I find them in the queerest places
With woolly smiles upon their faces,
But they are quiet as a mouse
And gentle-mannered in the house.

The house is full of golliwogs
In rather loud and baggy togs.
They follow me with button eyes
Unbuttoned in a mild surprise.
Their hair is black and very sleek;
They always seem about to speak,
But change their minds when I come by
And fix me with that button eye.

The house is full of funny things,
And every week some new one brings;
I'm never certain in the least
When I may meet some savage beast.
But though I growl a lot about them,
I couldn't bear to do without them;
For all these bits of rag and fur
Are tried and trusted friends to Her.

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. III.—THE BLUE-PETER PAN-BIRD.

[We understand that this play was written by the well-known Scotch Belgian dramatist, J. Maurice Birlinck.]

Characters.

PANTYL, a Boy.
MYLPET, a Girl.
GRANDPAPA.
GRANDMAMMA.
TYLNA, an Aberdeen Terrier.
NANO, an Ostend Bull-dog.

SCENE.—The chief room in a cottage in the Belgian Lowlands. Grandpapa and Grandmamma are seated in easy-chairs, with plaids of the best Brussels tartan over their knees. Grandpapa has just finished a solo on his Antwerp bag-pipes. As the curtain rises Grandmamma is discovered weeping.

Grandpapa. That was good, wasn't it?

Grandmamma. Ay, that it was. I always said you were the best p'ayer on the pipes in all the country round.

Grandpapa. But if you thought it so good it is surely strange that you should weep.

Grandmamma. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Grandpapa. How wonderful that you should say that! For it seems to me that I have heard the words before.

Grandmamma. In a dream it may be you heard them, but as for me I have not used them before.

Grandpapa. Perhaps in a dream I heard them; but our life, is it not a dream?

Grandmamma. Our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Grandpapa. That, too, I have somewhere heard before.

Grandmamma (to herself). The auld yin's bletherin' the day. (Aloud) It is time our life were ended.

Grandpapa. I am not sure; I dinna ken. There may be happy days left for us. Wha can tell?

[The door opens, admitting Pantyl and Mylpet. They kiss Grandpapa and Grandmamma.

Pantyl } (together). Good morning, Grandpapa; good morning, Grandmamma.

Grandpapa } (together). Good morning, dears.

Pantyl. Grandparents, we have made up our minds.

Grandpapa } (together). The children have made up their minds.

Mympet. We have decided to travel.

Grandpapa } (together). They have decided to travel.

Pantyl. We shall visit the Hall of Dreams in the Good City.

Grandpapa. That is the place from which Grandmamma obtains her beautiful sayings.

Mympet. Yes, indeed, we shall find them all there.

Grandmamma. And will you not take with you Grandpapa's bag-pipes to cheer you on the way?

Pantyl. No; for what will Grandpapa do when he has an attack of rheumatism? But we will take the dogs to guard us.

[He whistles. The two dogs enter fighting.

Grandpapa. They must not bite my legs.

Grandmamma. Nor must they bite mine.

[The dogs stop fighting and assume an attitude of attentive guardianship.

Grandpapa. They are faithful creatures. And now, children, good-bye.

The Children. Good-bye, grandparents; we shall not be long.

[They kiss their grandparents and exeunt with the dogs.

The Grandparents. And now we shall have some peace.

Curtain.

[They go to sleep.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Hall of Dreams in the Good City. A sense of castness is imparted by rows of pink colonnades extending far into the distance. Dim shapes flit from pillar to pillar. The two children enter apprehensively, followed by the two dogs.

A Voice. Dogs and smoking are not permitted here.

Pantyl. But we are not smoking.

A Voice. But you have dogs.

Mympet. They have come with us to look for their dreams.

[At this point Tylna finds a rabbit and Nano a large mutton-bone. Each retires to a corner and grooms over his treasure.

Pantyl. There, you see they are quite good.

A Voice. Well, let them remain. But what has brought you here?

Mympet. Grandpapa has rheumatism.

Pantyl. Yes, Grandpapa has rheumatism.

A Voice. There is no rheumatism.

Another Voice. No, there is no rheumatism.

More Voices. No, there is no rheumatism.

Pantyl. Can we tell Grandpapa that?

A Voice. Yes, you can tell Grandpapa that.

Mympet. Oh, Grandpapa will be so glad.

Pantyl. And he will never have to play the pipes again.

Mympet. And that will make Grandmamma glad, too. We will go home now.

A Voice. Yes, you can go home now.

[They go.

Curtain.

The remaining Acts develop the story to the point where Grandpapa and Grandmamma begin to live happily ever afterwards on being informed that there is no rheumatism.

PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

CIMIEZ, thou charming foster-child of Nice
(Taller than mother but without her bulk)—
Where luckless gamblers can repose in peace
And sulk;

Where they may bask beneath a peach-hung wall
(Provided by the latest thing in "Palaces"),
Lamenting that the subtlest "systems" all
Have fallacies,

Striving in orange-gardens to forget
The croupier's rasping accents (so metallic,
So droningly monotonous, and yet
So Gallic),

The Trente-et-Quarante and its fearful cost,
Tho "Little Horses" and the wobbly ball,
And how one staked a thousand francs and lost
Them all;

Thine, caseful Cimiez, is the grandest coup:
To soothe the fevered gamester, when he sickens,
And stop him hurling all his louis to
The dickens!

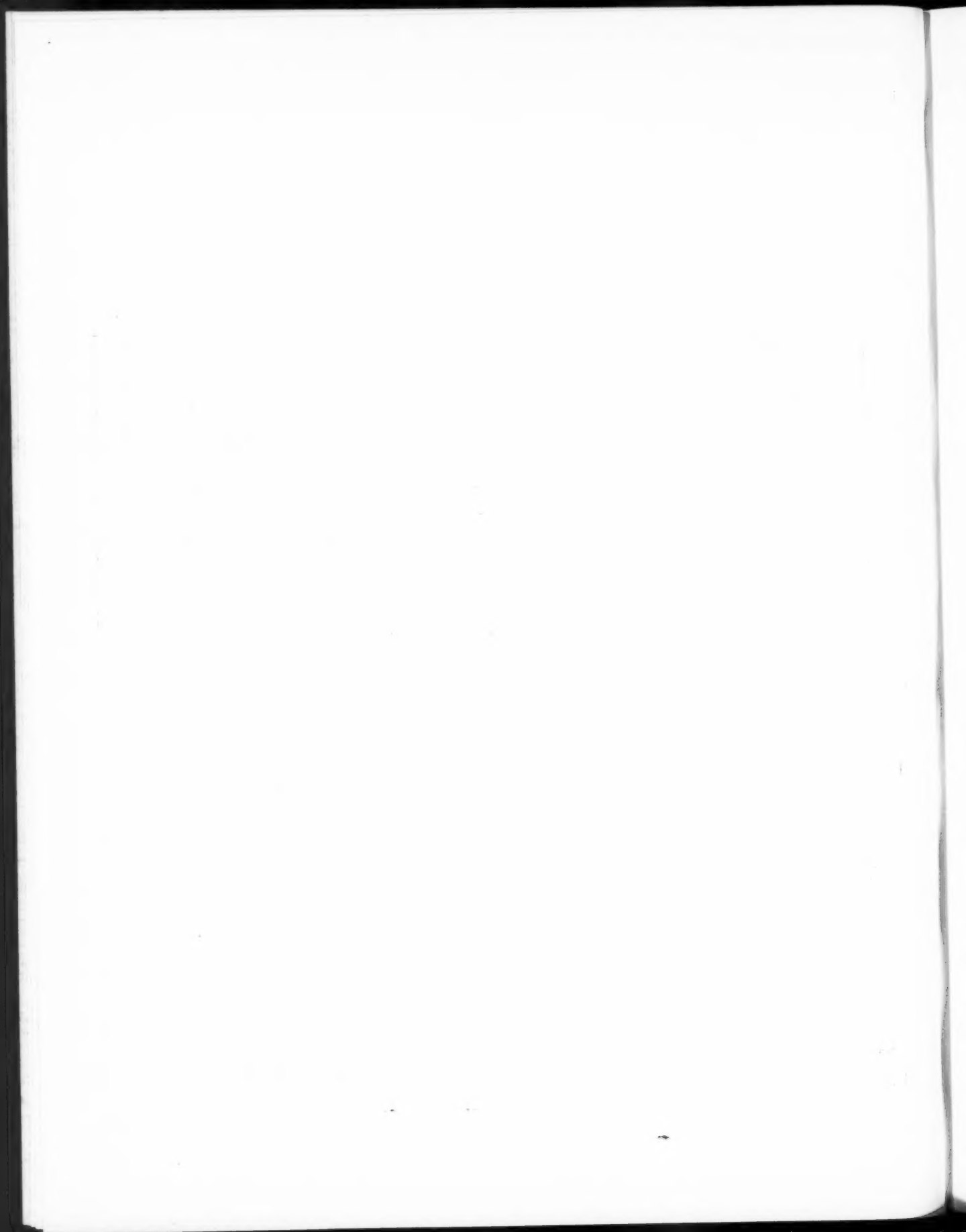
"The canon, who had served under six archbishops, expressed the opinion that one of the recipes for old age was to avoid alcohol. 'Nothing,' he added, 'is more calculated to shorten life than intoxicating drink.'"

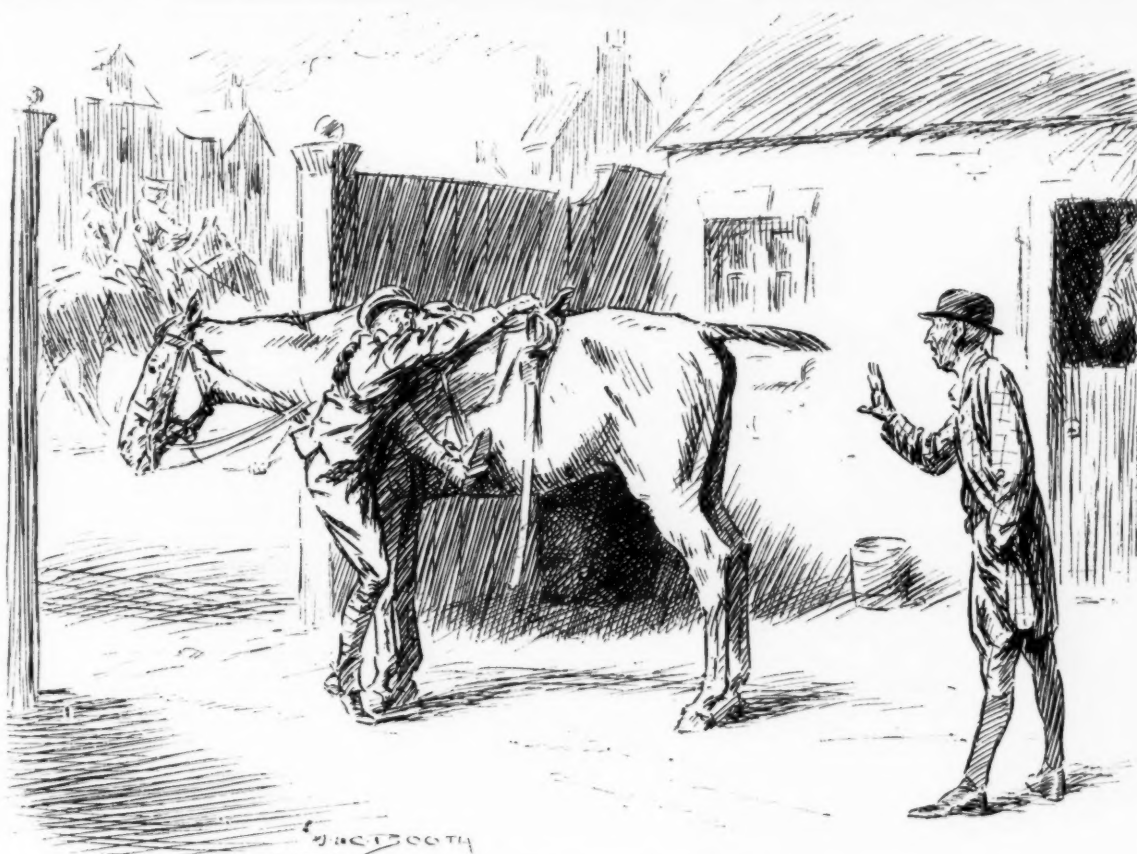
Six archbishops! Dear, dear! And the canon, by avoiding their evil habit, has outlived them all!



A SITTER; OR, BIG GAME TO THE LAST.

Mr. ROOSEVELT. "STEADY, KERMIT! WE MUST HAVE ONE OF THESE."





OUR THRICE-PRECIOUS STEEDS.

Livery-Stable Keeper (to Yeoman). "Now, DO BE CAREFUL OF THAT YOUNG 'ORSE, AN' DON'T OVER-RIDE HIM, 'COS 'E'S WANTED FOR THE FIELD GUNS THIS AFTERNOON, AND THE HAMMILANCE WAGGONS TO-NIGHT."

HINTS TO HOUSE-HUNTERS.

By an obvious Amateur.

At this season of the year many people are looking out for new homes to move into at the approaching quarter-day. It is hoped that to those who are unable to afford the advice of a qualified surveyor the following hints may be of some use:—

1. Avoid a house which advertises "Ancient Lights." They may be picturesque, but they are sure to lead to litigation in the long run.
2. Never think of taking a house with "Dilapidations." Tell the landlord that you propose to bring your own and ask him to remove his.
3. Make a careful note of the thickness of the walls, more especially if the house is one of a row. Where your prospective neighbours are in the habit of giving parties, an extra thick, or "Party Wall," as it is called, is essential.
4. Beware of "Picturesque Rough-cast Villas." Remember what SHAK-

SPEARE says about jerry-built villas, "rough-cast them how we may."

5. If you are a lover of dogs and purpose taking your pets with you to your new home, make a point of ascertaining whether the walls have ever had "distemper."

6. Never take a "beautiful Elizabethan half-timbered house" without first ascertaining what the other half is.

7. Do not be allured by the house which is advertised to be "within a stone's-throw of the station." Most railway companies have now a by-law against this pastime, and charge 10s. per shot.

Tragedy in the Fish World.

From a catalogue:

"Old Line Engraving, 'The Rape of the Sardines.'"

"Moscow.—HOTEL BERLIN. — English home up-to-date. Swiss proprietor."

Advt. in "Evening Standard."

Just the place in which to practise Esperanto.

Chastened Youth.

The Globe is responsible for the following statement:—"It is further proposed, in conjunction with the Board of Agriculture, to encourage the breeding of horses suitable for Army purposes, and to buy the foals at three years old instead of four. These are steps in the right direction, and are to be commended." We understand that the War Office has decided also not to purchase calves for the food supply of the Army at a younger age than four years, nor lambs younger than three years. It is also in contemplation that no boys shall be taken into the Government Service at a lower age than thirty-five.

"Any Member may at any time determine his Membership by notice in writing to that effect, sent to the Secretary not later than the thirty-first day of December in any year."

This is "By-Law 14" of the Society of Chemical Industry. By-Law 15 certainly ought to announce the granting of a day's grace in leap years.

THE DAILY ROUND.

[Being extracts from Mr. Punch's new daily edition, published simultaneously in London, Manchester, Peebles, Windermere, and Ealing; price one halfpenny; date as postmark.]

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

(By our Special Correspondent underneath the Mace.)

THE political situation is increasing every day. Although it is now certain that the Budget, as such, is dead, it is possible that the Veto, as which, may survive. If this is so we shall see some very interesting developments shortly. The crucial date will be May 13, when Supply gives out. Thereafter the programme is expected to be as follows:—

May 14. No money for the Civil Service. Indignation meeting at Post Office. Rising of the Parcel Bangers. Massing of the Postcard Readers.

May 16. Somerset House in arms. The Inland Revenue Irregulars mobilise. Forced march to Gaiety Restaurant.

May 17. Mr. ASQUITH refused safeguards, guarantees, injunctions, rules nisi, and statu quo's. Resignation of the Government. Mr. BALFOUR sent for.

May 18. Mr. BALFOUR refuses to take office; Mr. REDMOND sent for. Mr. REDMOND refuses to take office. Mr. HAROLD COX sent for. Mr. GARVIN sent for. Lord NORTHCLIFFE sent for. Mr. C. A. PEARSON sent for. Mr. L. J. MAXSE sent for. Mr. MAXSE refuses to take office.

May 19. Deadlocks.

May 20. The Grand Army of Civil Servants muster in Trafalgar Square. After interval for usual siesta they march upon Downing Street. Mr. HALDANE captured by a detachment of Telegraph Boy Scouts and held for ransom.

May 21. Mr. ASQUITH receives parcel containing Mr. HALDANE'S ear. Unfortunately there is twopence to pay upon it. Mr. ASQUITH is greatly shocked and consents to assume office again.

May 23. Dissolution of Parliament.

Should events shape themselves after this fashion our readers will know what to expect. As far as can be seen there are only two ways out of the threatened deadlock. One is that the House of Lords should hastily pass a Home Rule Bill, and the other is that the Government should introduce a large and comprehensive scheme of Tariff Reform.

WHERE TO GO FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Such a variety of places immediately suggest themselves to the eager tourist in need of rest that it may safely be said that the choice becomes harder every year. Owing to the enterprise of our great railway companies many places formerly out of reach of the week-end are now within easy distance. Penzance on the Cornish Riviera, Weymouth or (as it is generally called) the English

Naples, the Northern Nice (Blackpool), the British Vienna (Sheffield), and the Palestine of the West (Maida Vale) may all be reached by the holiday-maker in a minimum of time.

A glance at our advertisement columns will reveal to the reader the opportunities for a pleasant stay at these and other delightful spots which are now placed at his disposal. We might, for instance, call attention to the promise of comfort contained in this:

"SOUTHEAD.—Board res. lib. tab. bth. pno. enry. sth. asp. inc. tms. Th. to Tu. crt. extr. mgufe. vws.—Mrs. Higgins. Wycerst."

Without wishing to influence our readers' minds unfairly, we feel it our duty nevertheless to point out that, should a holiday at the delightful resort of Southend be meditated, Mrs. Higgins (or Huggins) of Wycerst appears to offer a boundless hospitality.

Take this again:

"HERNE BAY.—Hme. frm. hmc. suprf. ckq. no frgnrs. kp. t. th. right. mnd. th. stp. afr. y. wth. th. meatsaw bs. anbdy. hr. sn. Kly."

How delightful to be made so welcome, even after the comparatively short journey in the luxurious carriages of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway! (see p. 7).

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

To-day for the 395th time representative crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will meet in friendly rivalry on the historic course from Putney to Mortlake. The race has not always been rowed upon this course—indeed upon one occasion it was from Mortlake to Putney, but the spirit of good sportsmanship has always been the same. Our "special correspondent under the thwarts" sums up the chances of the respective crews in another column (another nine columns, to be exact), and all we need say here upon that point is that two more evenly-matched eights have not been seen upon the Thames since the last occasion. We append statistics of the race for the last few years, together with some interesting facts about some of the crews.

Previous Results.

Year.	Course.	Result.
⊙ 1909	P. to M.	Oxford won.
† 1908	P.M.	Cambridge won.
1907	M.P.	Cambridge won.
§ 1906	L.C.C.	Cambridge won.
⊙ 1905	R.S.V.P.	Oxford won.
†† 1904	P.T.O.	Cambridge won, I think.
☛ 1903	P.P.C.	I've forgotten.

⊙ Rowed in a typhoon.

† Rowed in a simoon.

|| Bow lost his oar.

§ Bow lost his head.

⊙ Stroke wanted his hair cut.

†† Last race on the old P.T.O. course.

☛ Both boats sank.

Some Interesting Facts.

One of the most notable Oxford crews was that of 1732, all the members of which ultimately sat on the Bench; with the exception of the cox, who fell overboard during the race, never recovered the entire use of his faculties, and eventually became a Bishop.

A curious coincidence occurred in the historic race of 1806. "Seven" in the Oxford boat was twenty-one years old (3×7), had seven letters in his Christian name (Herbert), and eventually married a Miss Isabel Wordsworth, said to have been a relation of the WORDSWORTH who wrote that famous poem, "We are Seven." What makes it more remarkable is that this athlete only obtained his seat in the boat at the very last moment.

LATEST FROM THE LOBBY.

THERE are rumours of a new "Fourth Party" in the House of Commons, consisting of Messrs. ASQUITH, A. J. BALFOUR, REDMOND, BARNES, W. O'BRIEN, BELLOC, BYLES, and Lord HUGH CECIL. The officers have been chosen as follows:—

Chairman and Hon. Col. of the Safe-guards—Mr. ASQUITH.

First Whip—Mr. REDMOND.

Master of the Trufflehounds (without portfolio)—Lord HUGH CECIL.

Groom to the Camel Corps.—Mr. BYLES.

Deputy Inspector of the Ice Tank—Mr. O'BRIEN.

Pergola Surveyor and Warden of the Sponge—Mr. BELLOC.

Keeper of the Cutlets—Mr. BARNES.

Cover Point—Mr. BALFOUR.

Though they do not propose to take any action at present which may embarrass their leaders, they will at the same time keep a sharp eye upon the situation.

THE WEATHER.

Forecast for to-day.

1. England, N.—Same as 3.
2. England, E.—Same as 4.
3. England, W.—Same as 2.
4. England, S. (including Hampstead).—Hot to cold. Some rain, some snow, some sleet, some fine. Wind, calm, sun, fog—à la carte or table d'hôte.

Barometer.—Lowest on grass, 27.

Highest on roof, 87.

Our special correspondent at Brighton telegraphs at enormous expense, "Weather lovely." Other reports from the chief seaside places are, "Lovely," "Lovely," "Beautiful," "Lovely," "Grand," "Lovely," and "Beautiful."

We are unfortunately compelled to hold over our usual map of Europe, owing to a shortage of arrows with which to indicate the track of the customary depression. A. A. M.



SCENE—Schoolmaster's Study.

Master. "WHY WERE YOU LATE FOR EARLY SCHOOL, WRIGHT?"

Wright. "PLEASE, SIR, I MUST HAVE OVERWASHED MYSELF!"

THE MODERATION OF MANCHESTER.

[Mr. J. H. PATTEN, the Chicago wheat-king, who is suspected of designs on cotton, has just been mobbed on the Exchange at Manchester. The same city recently prohibited the performance of Miss MAUD ALLAN within its boundaries, and is held up to ridicule on posters as having tabooed LA MILLO.]

Towns of the mules that work by steam,
To which our ways are so abhorrent,
Tell me the blushing thoughts you dream
There by the Irwell's silvery torrent:
Why do you flout the pagan fair
Whereon our halls of music batten,
Why did you spurn the millionaire
And place your feet upon a PATTEN?

Is it perchance (as I divine)
That filled with equal rage you view it,
When mortals overstep the line,
And when they merely underdo it?
Is it your aim to steer between
The twofold vice, and practise what 'll
Exactly fit the golden mean
So much admired by ARISTOTLE?

Thus when the living statue stooped
(Compare the ads.) to aid our culture,

You not unnaturally swooped
Down on the notion like a vulture:
Art you adored in any guise;
With none at all it seemed improper,
And so you veiled averted eyes
From marble hoax and classic hopper.

Not otherwise you deem the man
Who, fearless of the frown of Nemesis,
Collars and pinches all he can,
Meet to be hooted off the premises:
You mobbed the Transatlantic bull
Who hoped, maybe, to corner cotton,
Showing your intellectual pull
O'er Liverpool (where life is rotten)!

This is the purely moral side:
But all things have commercial issues,
The best of creeds may be applied
To raw materials and tissues:
And types that make the market mad
No doubt inspire the selfsame loathing
In spots that spin, as those whose fad
Is chucking up all kinds of clothing.

EVOE.

Little Girl (to Father, who has done his
one performance, that of saying the alpha-
bet backwards). "Now say it sideways."

Cause and Effect.

"All this needs hourly care, for neglect may
cause the infant, not only an illness, but its
life."—*Mother and Home.*

Yet even to be kept alive by neglect is
preferable to being killed by kindness.

From *The Mystery of the Green Heart*:

"Now appeared upon the scene . . . that
courtly old gentleman, Dr. Philippe Morenceau,
of the University of Paris."

"You are Dr. Philippe Morenceau, of the
University of Paris . . . ?"

"The doctor bowed gravely—his English
was almost without accent."

Later on he shook his head in French
and gave the whole thing away.

Describing paper mills in Newfound-
land, the prospectus of a new company
states:

"The mills are claimed to be the newest,
largest and most scientifically equipped in
Europe or the Continent of America."

Newfoundland appears to be fond of
travel.

AS IN THE BEGINNING.

In the very far beginning, when our fathers lived in caves,
And the glacier rolled and shuddered where to-day you
roll the lawn,
Then the forests and the rivers, and the mountains and the
waves
Were the haunts of troll and kelpie, gnome, pishogue and
leprechaun;

Long ago—oh, long ago,
Little feet went to and fro

In the hushed and solemn moonrise, or the silence of the
dawn,
Weren't they just the prowling otter or the fox-cub or
the fawn?

If the panting hunters plodded on the hairy mammoth's
trail,
Till the flint-tipped lances laid him in the twilight stiff and
stark,

If the yelling tribesmen lingered at the stranding of the
whale
Till the sledges were benighted in the demon-haunted
dark,

Each untutored scalp would rise
At mysterious woodland cries,

And they'd glance across their shoulders, with a shudder
and a "Hark!"
Though 'twas probably the screech-owl or some startled
roe-buck's bark!

If the neolithic lover in a neolithic June
Met at nightfall, 'neath the hawthorn bough, a neolithic
maid,
Then, despite the ministrations of a full and friendly moon,
As it caught the clumps of blossom in a net of light and
shade,

They would hear with knocking knees,
Come a kind of grunting wheeze,

For they'd think some spook had spied them, and their
cheeks would match their jade,
But they never saw the badger rooting truffles in the glade!

Go you out along the chalk downs, and you'll see our fathers
yet
(Cairn upon the thymy hill-top, tumulus of tribal kings!)
Yes, and in the sun-warmed quarry find perhaps an amulet,
Such as kept them from the kobold, or the beat of goblin
wings;

Then your sympathy shall stray
To our sires of feeble clay,

With their little local godlings and their foolish fairy rings,
Though you know—for science says so—that there never
were such things!

For yourself—you've sometimes hurried when the mayfly
cease to rise,

With your rod inside its cover and your cast around your
hat,
When the beetles boom like bullets, and the bats are hawking
flies,

And the night is in the meadows, and the mists are on the
flat,

Past some darkling belt of pine,
While you've felt all up your spine

Run a sort of icy shiver, and your heart's gone pit-a-pat—
Yet 'twas only just the night-jar, just the plopping water-rat!

Our Fashionable Artists.

"PAINTER and Paperhanger (Good) wanted; must be society man;
wages 9d. per hour."—Daily Chronicle.

CONTEMPT.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Forgive me making a guess at it, but,
during the fifty-seven seconds over which our acquaintance,
I might almost say our intimacy, extended, I had not the
opportunity of enquiring what actual name your god-parents
had originally deemed most suited to your peculiar merits.
If I have made a bad shot and you do not like the "James,"
I feel that you cannot but be flattered by the "Sir."

It was, you will remember, at the Booking Office of the
Charing Cross Underground Station at about 7.15 p.m. on
March 18 that we ran or rather walked up against each
other. Over that booking office there are the words "IN"
and "OUT," and I confess freely that I, with some six other
intending passengers had entered by the "OUT" side and
showed every sign of going out by the "IN" side. You alone
were entering by the "IN" side and passing out by the "OUT"
side. You alone were gloriously and monumentally right.

You were, I think, putting yourself to unnecessary exertion
in trying to compel me to pass out by what was at any rate
the unfashionable, though technically correct, way. Confess,
in your cooler and less florid moments, that, whether the
credit be due to the elasticity of the barrier or to the adapt-
ability of my—shall I say diaphragm?—I performed a
notable feat in forcing my mere 10 st. 5 lbs. past your 13
stone odd.

Now let me explain my motives. Firstly, on general
grounds, I am a member of a large but not incorporated
society pledged to resent actively all deeds of public inter-
ference committed by fussy middle-aged gentlemen who, we
feel sure, have no other qualification for managing other
people's business save that they have grossly mismanaged
their own. Secondly, I am by profession a barrister, and
have been informed and verily believe that I must get into
the habit of not being bounced by anybody, whether I am
in the right or in the wrong. Thirdly, lastly and most
importantly, I believe and hope that you were a judge.

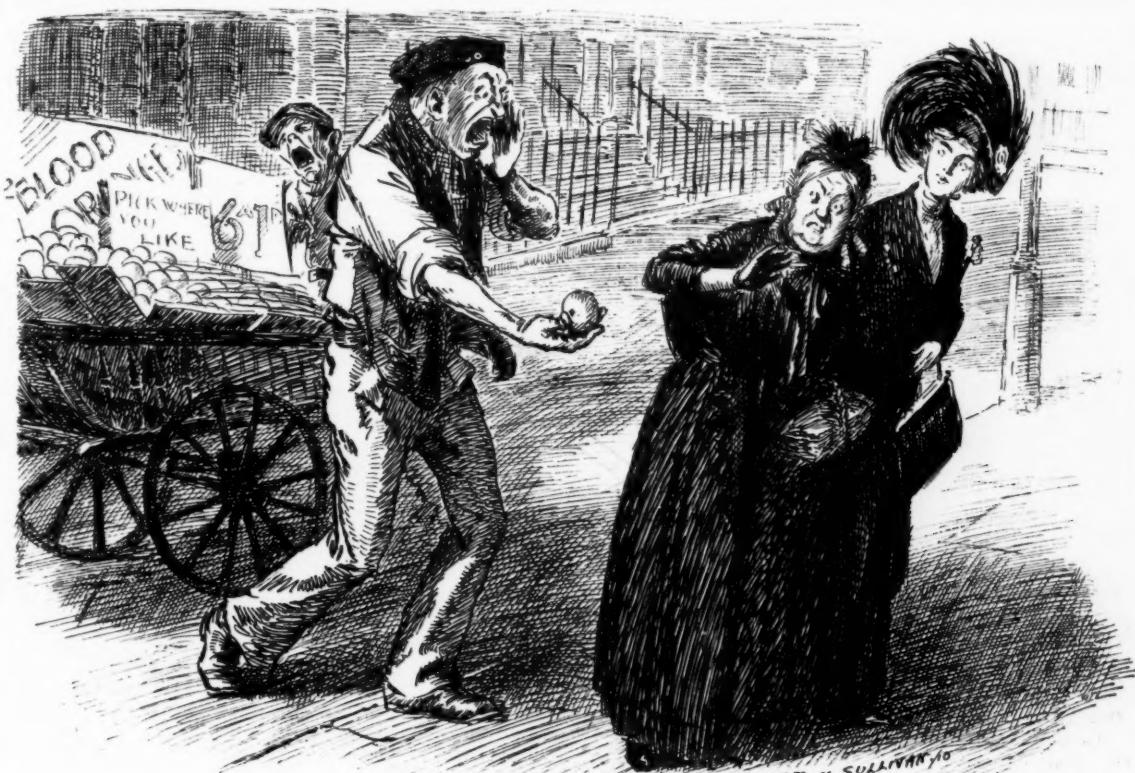
Even in my very short and insignificant career I have
suffered sufficient snubs and rebuffs from the Bench to
make me long for the opportunity of meeting a judge in
an open field and no favour. Had I been in a position to
see less of your back and more of your face, I could have
spoken with more certainty as to your judgeship, but there
was ample evidence of it in your manner of commanding me
and never doubting but that I should obey you unquestion-
ingly. My Lord, I could then and there have addressed to you
a learned argument directed to the point that in
Underground Railway Stations you had no jurisdiction, that
you were *functus officio*, that you were almost that thing
which you are so fond of calling other people, a man of
straw. I could have whispered, "*Ultra vires!*" in your ear
in such jocular tone as would have made your blood boil
over. I think I did better than that merely by flouting
silently but deliberately your order and making you wish—
you!—that you had the judicial powers and authority of a
mere railway inspector. Though you spoil my shirt-front
and did not improve my left lung, though I appeared to the
bystanders to be something of an ass, I feel that as between
judge and counsel, counsel is avenged.

In my young breast I cherish much satisfaction and two
distinct hopes—one, that you appreciated then and will
never forget that if I was squashed physically, you were
squashed morally; the other, that at the decisive moment
you saw as little to recognise of me as I did of you, and that
that little is the part that will be hidden by my wig when I
next have the honour and misfortune to appear before you
in the High Court, or in whatever Court (if any) you control.

I subscribe myself, if your lordship pleases,

Yours, till our next merry meeting,

JUNIOR NATU MINIMUS.



Custer (to Old Lady somewhat overrought by a course of the Sicilians). "ERE Y'ARE, LADY. BERLUD ORANGE!"

CHARIVARIA.

We hear that all the Musical Comedy Actresses who married sons of Peers under the impression that they were future legislators, are about to combine with a view to taking steps to protect their vested interests.

By-the-by, it is rumoured that there is trouble between Lord ROSEBURY and his elder son. It is said that his lordship put forward his scheme for the abolition of hereditary peers without consulting his heir-apparent.

"Moderate Impudence" was the title given by *The Daily Chronicle* to its account of the decision of the victors in the L.C.C. election in the matter of the Aldermen. We are glad to see our contemporary showing at last a little restraint in its epithets.

The recent boycott of our prisons by the Suffragettes has had its effect. The HOME SECRETARY now announces that he has made arrangements for additional comforts for them.

There is some excitement in Calcutta because the Lieutenant-Governor of BENGAL has ordered the confiscation of a

quantity of waist-cloths having on their borders a seditious Bengali poem. The order was made under the powers given by the new Press Act, and the natives are declaring angrily that this was never intended to be a Clothes Press Act.

The Reichstag has passed a resolution in favour of a Bill making the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR responsible for all political acts and omissions of the KAISER. The question now arises: Will one Chancellor be sufficient for the job?

"Most flattering, I am sure," President TAFT is reported to have remarked on reading in a Khartoum cable that Mr. ROOSEVELT's figure is now slightly more burly.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, and Mr. JOSEPH BEECHAM, his father, have, we are told, been hinting at other great surprises in store for opera-goers. Not so long ago, it may be remembered, we prophesied that it might be possible, with the aid of Mr. BEECHAM, to obtain for a shilling a box worth a guinea.

Dr. WALDO, the City Coroner, in his annual report, points out that at the City Mortuary there has now been established something similar to the old Paris

Morgue. Those persons who were in the habit of going abroad for their amusements will kindly make a note of this.

"All the worst-conditioned horses," says *The Daily Mail* in an article on the disused horse scandal, "are taken from the various British ports to Belgium, where the conditions they have to face are much harder than those in Holland. The animals sent to Holland are of a slightly better class, and are mainly sold for butchers' meat. The Belgian consignments for the most part find their way to the sausage factories." But, seriously, we would ask, Do horses care tuppence about their future after death?

A barge containing 300 barrels of beer sank on the 12th inst. in the Medway. Many plucky attempts at rescue by local toppers are reported to have taken place during the week.

Judge LUMLEY SMITH, in sentencing a billiard instructor at the Old Bailey, let him off hard labour on the ground that the effect on the prisoner's hands might make it difficult for him to follow his calling after his release. Pickpockets, to whom lightness of fingers is an essential, are now complaining bitterly that they never meet with consideration like this.



TACTICS.

The gentle reader is asked to understand that one morning Harold, having been over-corrected, ran away from home in order to teach his parents a lesson; but, with the approach of night, he changed his mind and slunk back, reckoning on a fine fatted-calf welcome. To his disgust his absence has not been noticed, and after some thought he draws attention to his desperate and disciplinary measures by remarking, "I SEE YOU'VE STILL GOT THE SAME OLD CAT."

SELF-PHOTOGRAPHY.

"With a new portrait of Mr. Shaw, photographed by himself"—From a *Publisher's Advertisement*.

THE famous playwright entered the famous photographer's room, and, standing before a mirror, began to chat with him.

"I am beginning to think it is time for me to have another portrait taken," he said.

"I certainly think so," said the photographer. "Some of the public would like it, and the rest ought to like it; and you know as well as I do that it pays to give the public what it wants and what it ought to want."

"There is nothing in the world that accomplishes that end so successfully as SHAW. Whether on the platform or on the stage, or on the printed page, give them SHAW; and when they're tired of listening to SHAW and reading SHAW, let them look at SHAW."

"But I do not like to think they weary of listening to and reading me," said the famous author-dramatist.

"Anyhow, it won't do any harm to get out a new portrait for them to look

at. And, by Mephistopheles! it is a face worth looking at,"—and the famous photographer gazed admiringly at his *vis-à-vis*, turning his head and moving his position to catch different aspects of his features. "My boy" (it should be explained that the photographer was on the best of terms with the playwright), "it is a face in ten million. Let me photograph it! A splendid idea—a great man photographed by a great man! Won't that fetch the Shavians!"

The dramatist smiled at the notion, then briskly assented, helping with the camera.

"Now, I wonder whether it would be best, for once, to assume a natural pose," mused the eminent photographer.

"No; on the whole, I think an unnatural one suits me, and will please the Shavians better," was the opinion of the other.

The camera was ready. The distinguished playwright was again before the mirror practising varieties of facial expression. "Please look as unpleasant as possible," was the injunction of the photographer; and when an expression suitably weird was found, the popular

author hurried to the chair before the strange light in his eye died away.

The ball was pressed, the pneumatic shutter did its work, and the great author-dramatist shook hands with himself—I mean with the photographer—congratulating him on the achievement of another scoop.

Benefit of Clergy.

"An appeal by one Dean against a sentence of five years' penal servitude for house-breaking was allowed to the extent that the sentence was reduced to three years' penal servitude."

The Times.

The *Liverpool Courier* reports Lord ROSEBURY as follows:

"What an aspice had this Cleopatra been nourishing in his bosom!"

It sounds a very cold amusement.

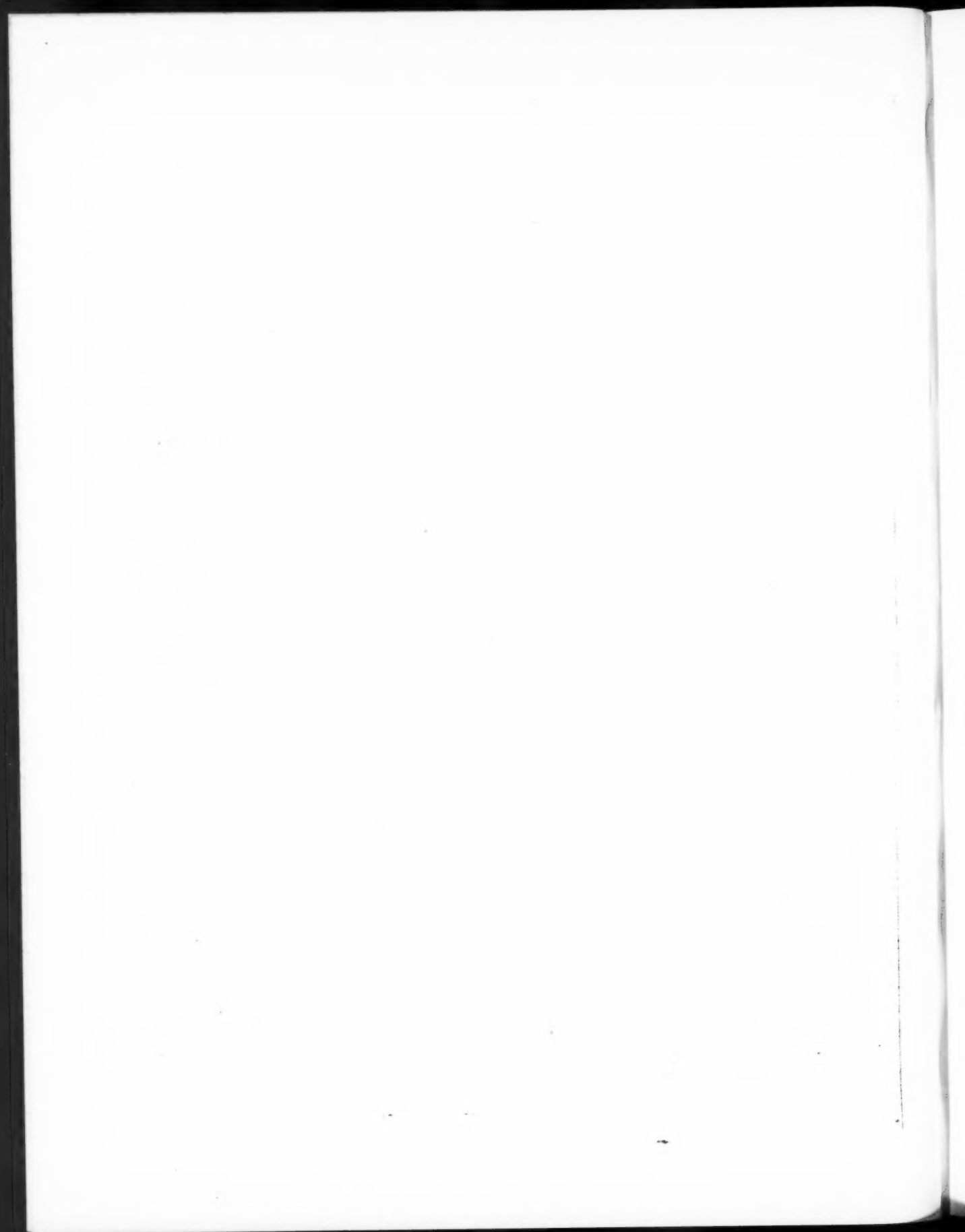
The following advertisement was recently inserted in *The Pioneer*:—

"NEW FOREST—Cottage residence . . . fishing, boating, and New Forest Hounds."

"Dear Sir," wrote a native enquirer, "kindly inform me where the New Forest is, and also if it would be necessary to take over the New Forest hounds, as I have an aversion to dogs."



TERRA INFIRMA.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 14.—Nothing less like a lonely furrow could be conceived than appearance of House to-night when ROSEBERY, quitting his seat on Cross Bench, advanced to the Table. The red leather benches, ordinarily a wilderness with here and there a rose in person of a stray peer, thronged to fullest capacity. Bright eyes rained influence from side galleries whence Peeresses looked down. The Commons fought for places in congested districts allotted to them in corners of Gallery over the Bar. Steps of Throne flooded with Privy Councillors. The brilliant scene presented striking testimony to a commanding personality. Only ROSEBERY could have created it. Since the MARKISS passed away he is sole possessor of magic wand whose waving draws together eager multitude to House of Lords.

His theme was reformation of what is distantly alluded to as the Second Chamber. Whilst majority of Commons are eager and resolved to depose the Lords from position of supremacy, ROSEBERY would have them put their House in order with their own hands.

To that end proposes abolition

of heredity. A bold suggestion to make in its very stronghold. Noble lords of Victorian era shake their heads in grave dissent. What is to become of the country if they, their sons and heirs, no longer assist at moulding its destinies? HALSBURY has great esteem for ROSEBERY, more especially when he engages in active opposition to policy of former Cabinet colleagues. But blue blood (in this respect only), like murder, will out.

Alluding to recommendations of Select Committee appointed two years ago, ROSEBERY described them as unanimous and spontaneous in favour of abolition of hereditary right to sit in Parliament.

"Not unanimous," growled HALSBURY, from front bench before which the apostle of hara-kiri stood. ROSEBERY hastened to make reparation.

"My noble and learned friend," he said, "a valued member of the Committee, opposed all our proceedings without any exception whatever."

HALSBURY glowed with just pride at this tribute to his high character. Bad enough for inheritors of the position of the Saxon Witenagemot, "descendants of the men who wrung the Charter from JOHN on the plains of Runnymede," to be threatened with disestablishment. Too much to have it stated that he, Baron HALSBURY, Viscount TIVERTON, Constable of Launceston Castle, had been accessory to anything favouring such Revolution. ROSEBERY's prompt disclaimer, his adroit adulation, smoothed over what threatened to develop into angry incident. Thenceforward HALSBURY suffered in silence outburst of heresy that threatened to undermine foundations of ancient Constitution.

Most significant feature of situation was the chilling reception of magnificent speech. During earlier portions, devoted to scornful treatment of Ministerial plans in respect to Veto, cheers were frequent from overflowing Opposition benches. When it came to recommendation of specific Resolutions, enthusiasm subsided. After speaking for two hours, the orator concluded amid faint tribute of applause, which



No "HARA-KIRI" FOR HIM!

Lord Halsbury. "Why, if you tried for a century you couldn't produce a more perfectly impartial political tribunal than myself! Sayonara!"

subtly conveyed acknowledgment of intellectual pleasure received as distinct from approval of the cause pleaded.

Business done.—Lord ROSEBERY proposes Resolutions for reform of House of Lords on basis of abolition of Hereditary Right to sit and vote.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—ANEURIN WILLIAMS is still new to Westminster, coming hither for first time at General Election. That event fruitful in WILLIAMSES. Six bear the honoured name. But there is only one ANEURIN, and the SPEAKER, who knows most things, is not certain how to pronounce the word or what it means when uttered. When, as happened to-day, he has to call upon the Member for Plymouth, he judiciously hedges, naming him "Mr. A. WILLIAMS."

A great occasion for ANEURIN. Has balloted for place with scores of others. Chances at least twenty to one against his turning up in group of most favoured three. Anyhow will see the business through. Finds a seat on furthest Cross Bench. Favourable position for viewing the scene. Whilst others flank it, he commands it. Almost immediately faces the SPEAKER. Can look down the parted hosts—Liberals to left of him, Unionists to right of him—with absolute impartiality. Wouldn't be at all a bad thing, now all corner seats are appropriated, to mark this one as his own.

(Forgets, or never knew, that being beyond the Bar it is technically out of the House. No Member seated there may catch the SPEAKER's eye, nor, rising thence, may address him.)



THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE.

Lord Rosebery. "Well, it's plain that we're pretty unpopular in some quarters, so there's no help for it—some of YOU chaps have got to go!"



CROMWELL LOOKS UP RIBBLESDALE.

The Shade of Oliver. "Look here, old man, if I haven't haunted Gisburn up to now, it's just about time I began! So look out for squalls!!"

("He did not propose saying anything about Oliver Cromwell, although Oliver Cromwell slept for two nights in his house"—(Laughter)—"and he was proud of the fact"—(More laughter.) . . . "It was just as well to remember what was written of him by a great historian, namely, that he could govern neither with nor without Parliaments"—(Laughter).
Lord Ribblesdale in the House of Lords.)

Ballot opened. Clerk at Table thrusts hand in lucky bag containing numeration of Members taking part in it. Calls out the figure from first paper abstracted. The SPEAKER holds in hand a list of Members balloting, each numbered. At second dip into lucky bag, out comes number corresponding with that attached to name of Member for Plymouth. It was then the SPEAKER called upon "Mr. A. WILLIAMS."

With a start ANEURIN jumped up; hastily produced from breast pocket a scrap of paper.

"I beg leave to give notice—" he said in the profoundest bass voice that ever rumbled through the reformed Parliament.

Instantly half-a-dozen brawny arms thrust him forth from Cross Bench. Would enquire later into meaning of this outrage. Meanwhile must get along with business. Standing outside the Cross Bench a good stride in rear of the Bar, he began in basso more profondo than before,

"I beg leave to give—"

Straightway found himself bodily bundled across the Bar. Voices explained to dazed ear that he was out of bounds and out of Order. Anyhow he was safe now. Steadying himself with left hand on back of Front Cross Bench, he, in voice that began to show signs of breaking down, began again. "I beg leave to—"

Once more there was a rush. A Member seated on Front Bench below Gangway in proximity to Cross Bench hastily surrendered his place, and before ANEURIN knew where he was he found himself standing by it. His third attempt to address the Chair had been made from space outside the thin red line beyond which Members addressing the SPEAKER may not stray.

Really safe at last; no mistake about it this time. Mopping his brow, casting hurried glance behind as one who did not know what a moment might bring forth, ANEURIN spread out the crumpled paper on which his notice was written

and began for fourth time his recitation.

Lo! a strange thing happened. Next to interest in watching the gymnastic process by which the new Member was brought into ordered line, lookers-on were struck by remarkable profundity of voice in which fragmentary sentence was declaimed. Now it heard quite another voice, a faltering falsetto, a piping treble, remark: "I beg leave to give notice that upon this day fortnight I will move a Resolution in favour of a more perfect representation of electors in this House and other public bodies."

Business done.—McKENNA, after able fight, defeats by rattling majority the Little Navyites and carries Vote for wages of officers and men.

Thursday.—Memory of SINGLE-SPEECH HAMILTON still cherished in modern House where such eccentricity of moderation is unknown. But what was SINGLE-SPEECH HAMILTON compared with NINE-BILLED McLAREN?

The noble Baronet has beaten the record. Sudden eruption the more striking since it comes from unexpected quarter. A busy man of affairs, constitutionally modest, the MEMBER FOR BOSWORTH FIELD rarely thrusts himself upon attention of House. Confines himself to speaking on subjects of which he is master. On such occasions is equally lucid, considerably briefer, than was his illustrious uncle, JOHN BRIGHT. All of a sudden, without other notice than is imposed by Standing Orders, he descends upon amazed House with both



WOMEN'S MAGNA CARTER (PATERSON).
 (Sir C. B. McLaren.)

arms literally full of Bills, for which he asks first reading.

A glance down the list suggests that they are designed as component parts of a woman's Magna Charta. When they are added to the Statute Book, Woman, single or married, will be delivered from that galling, worse than Eastern, condition of inequality under which, as we all know, she labours. She will find herself elevated to the legal and social status of a man and a brother.

PREMIER feels his position a little embarrassing. Has declared several times that, pending settlement of Veto question with the Lords, he cannot promise to introduce legislation on any subject. And here is a Private Member bringing in at single sitting no fewer than nine Bills of far-reaching consequence.

Business done.—Lords decide to go into Committee on ROSEBURY'S Resolution. HALSBURY, in delightful speech overflowing with unconscious humour, remarked, "I am concerned at present to show that in voting for the noble Earl's propositions I am not committing myself to any one of them."

INDIVIDUALISM.

["Modern conditions have created a keen Socialistic movement. We are all agreed that riches are not so fairly distributed as we should like, but all present are agreed that the kind of distribution some people propose is not one on which any society can exist."—Mr. HAROLD COX.]

O reader, I approach with stealth
The trite but touchy topic "wealth."

I, pulling up my poet's socks,
Proclaim the praise of Mister Cox.

I dot my p's and cross my q's,
And advocate Childe HAROLD's views.

I thump my tub and shake my fist
And cry, "I am no Socialist."

You ask me, Sir, to tell you why?
"I don't," you say. "You do," say I.

You need not sneer: you need not scoff,
You simply cannot put me off.

Don't yawn or look the other way.
Be kindly good enough to say:—

"With Socialism there would be
More wealth for you: more wealth for me.

"The present state of things is such
That neither of us have as much

As we should like." I tell you flat
I have no fault to find with that.

I'm open, I admit, to more,
For wealth's a thing which I adore.

It's when you press for more for us
That I presume to make a fuss.

The object which I have in view
Is more for me but less for you.



Irish Groom (to Sportman who has been mounted by his master). "You'll HAVE TO SITICK TIGHT TO THAT MARE, YER HONOUR, OR SHE MIGHT BE LAVIN' YE."

At last you take some interest,
And even venture to suggest

A doubt "if you could do with less."
That only shows your selfishness.

"If an umbrella is rolled in this same fashion until it is old enough to look rusty it will look as if newly bought."—*The People's Friend*.

This is one of a number of "Helpful Hints." It sounds as though it would take too much time.

"STAYS AT THE HOTEL CURZON" announces an advertisement in large print. Of course it's not peculiar in this respect. There are some in Bond Street.

"The epidemics of serious illness which from time to time have been known to attack communities accustomed to eat this bread have invariably been due to contamination of the rye grain with a poisonous fungus which is prone to infect rye.

There need be no doubt, then, as to the nutritive value of rye-bread."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Likely as not there will be some low-down people even now who aren't convinced.

"The vessel left Barry with board lifeboat and flange ventilator, carried hundred miles off Scilly, on Friday, she experienced a heavy sea, which smashed the star-Wilkie, who took the part of the sailor's wife."—*Cornish Echo*. Any part in a storm, even the Widow Twankay.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE immense success of *Elektra* and the triumphant vindication of the principles it embodies has encouraged the composer and librettist to take another momentous step in the emancipation of the lyric drama from the fetters of an effete formalism. We understand that Hugo von Hofmannsthal has already completed his new version of *Othello*, and that STRAUSS has sketched out his score, which the great modern Greek critic, Πόβερος Μακαρίδης, pronounces to be the most magnificent piece of σκρίφος that the world has ever known.

How just this criticism is will be readily admitted when it is stated that in the new version *Othello* is not a man at all. He is a colossal gorilla. *Desdemona* is a superb chimpanzee, and *Iago* is a supple and sinuous orang-utan. Again, in Hugo von Hofmannsthal's improved rendering of SHAKESPEARE's crude and unconvincing narrative the play ends in a tremendous fight between *Othello* and *Iago*, in which the latter is torn literally limb from limb and the bits are scattered not only over the stage but throughout the auditorium. The episode of the suffocation of *Desdemona* is quite superbly repulsive. Indeed, in the happy phrase of Dr. Schweinfleisch, of Munich, "anything more magnificently beastly it is impossible to imagine."

The text of the libretto marks a most astonishing advance upon anything that even Hugo von Hofmannsthal has yet perpetrated. With a view to getting down to the absolute bedrock of elemental passion, he has eliminated all intelligible phrases or words, and confined himself exclusively to phonetic transliterations of the bellowings, howlings, trumpetings, snortings, squealings of wild animals as recorded by him at various zoological gardens and menageries.

By the kind permission of Mr. Zamrock, the eminent music publisher, we are enabled to present our readers with two lines which, in the opinion of STRAUSS, are the most beautiful and inspiring that he has ever heard:—

Gach! Udeluchuna! Jabelubeli,
Amawaacker, lauten, sthlafunas, sielethearri!
They form the climax of the touching scene in which, after dilaniating *Iago*, *Othello* execrates SHAKESPEARE for blackening his (*Othello's*) character as well as his complexion.

As at present arranged, the parts will be played by human beings, made up to

resemble the splendid simians whom they will be privileged to simulate. But it is the earnest and confident hope of both composer and librettist that in a very short time it will be possible to have the opera *entirely performed by animals*. In this hope they are strongly encouraged by Professor GARNER, who is at present conducting some interesting experiments with a view to teaching baboons how to play the double-bass.

The volume of sound which Professor GARNER's pupils already produce is quite

meeting a vote of censure was unanimously passed against Mr. HENRY J. WOOD for the "monstrous obscurantism" displayed by him in framing the programme of the last Symphony Concert, which was entirely devoted to the compositions of "the Bonn impostor"—that being the title by which BEETHOVEN is habitually referred to by members of the Society.

Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, is shortly about to publish his reminiscences. As he has more than once been round the world, and on three separate occasions has been captured by cannibals, his book ought to contain much appetising reading.

"PURPLE, GREEN AND WHITE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think politics are silly things, and I don't want a vote; but in spite of that, the way I have been forced into touch with the Suffragettes lately has been most painful, and might have ended in tragedy but for the intervention of the public. To start from the beginning, I must tell you that being always hard up and short of credit, I can only afford one toilette at a time, and have to wear that or nothing till next quarter. My spring costume, however, was quite *chic*—one of the new foulards, you know, shot with emerald and amethyst, with a broad knee band and back panel of blue and white violets embroidered on eau-de-nil cashmere-desoie. You can guess how duckie it looked; but you can hardly picture my misery when, wherever I went, my own sex shrank from me, while the other one glared at me with repugnant curiosity, and the street boys, almost without exception, shouted, "Votes for Women" when I passed, and I realised, too late, that my costume was a subtle manifestation of Suffragette opinions in purple, green

and white.

I bore it for three days, then I kept indoors and wrote an account of my impossible position to our leading daily paper. Whether the public most wished to relieve a deserving case or to show their antagonism to the Suffragette movement, I cannot say. What I *do* know is, that I have received fifteen new frocks from unknown sympathisers, and I hope you will let me say, through the medium of your columns, that I don't want any more, as I've no pegs left to hang them on, and to add, in your private ear only, that though purple, green and white may be unpopular colours, I at least owe them, indirectly, a debt of gratitude.

— Yours sincerely, "STOCK SIZE."



ONE OF THE THINGS WHICH THE SPRING WEATHER
WILL REMOVE FROM OUR ACHING VISION.

remarkable, owing to the prodigious strength of their arms, and is likely to satisfy even STRAUSS's exorbitant demands for intensity and sonority of tone. Human performers on wind instruments have always been unsatisfactory owing to their lack of lung power. Experiments are accordingly being conducted by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, who for some time past has been engaged in instructing a school of right-whales how to blow tubas, double-bassoons, saxophones, sarrusophones, dinosaurophones, and other instruments of tympanoplectic enormity.

We are informed by the Secretary of the Anti-Beethoven Society that the membership has enormously increased during the past month. At the last

PULP!

Our readers are, we trust, alive to the extraordinary change which is to be observed between the paper on which the present issue of *Punch* is printed and that in use hitherto. With the aid of a magnifying glass of quite ordinary power they will see that the new paper contains a fibre totally distinct from that of the old. Sensitive fingers and thumbs will also detect a marked difference in surface texture. In fact, it is a new paper; *Punch*, for the first time in its history, is being printed on a product of the woods instead of a product of rags. Heretofore we have at great expense used a paper manufactured solely from the old clothes of peers. But times are changing; peers are becoming out of date; and we have now fallen into line with other journals and acquired forests of our own.

At first we tried to get an island, and our special commissioners examined and reported upon enough of these things to make an archipelago. But in the end we purchased an immense tract of land in the neighbourhood of Punchestown, in Ireland, and at once set about planting it with trees. Here again was a difficulty: what tree to plant? The spruce, the larch, the Norwegian pine, the Beerholm, the Christmas tree—all came under the attention of experts. The araucaria, or monkey-puzzler, was considered too, but dismissed as being disrespectful to our readers; the chestnut was discarded as offering too easy an opening to this world's Plowdens. In the end the plane-tree won it, partly because we want to be unambiguous and crystal clear, and not a little because *Punch* is not coloured.

The next thing was to secure the rapid growth of the plantation, and this was done quite easily by rubbing into the roots day and night the world-famous preparation "Grohore," so familiar on our hoardings.

It is, indeed, a romantic story—that of the progress of the tree to the copy of *Punch* in your hand. The felling, the hauling, the sawing, the pulping—all are processes which deserve treatment from eloquent pens, and get it. We have at this moment an army of descriptive writers and photographers hard at work at Punchestown doing their best; and the results will be terrific.

But this is not all. No journal of to-day can leave the matter there. We are not only makers of paper, but ameliorators of the lot of woodmen and pulpers, carters and clerks, the sailors who make the perilous voyage across the Irish Channel bearing our precious commodity, the railway men who have to get it to Bouverie Street, the people who

see it pass by—in fact, everyone. This revolution in paper has also made a revolution in our character: we are now philanthropical busybodies. We have built Institutes and Reading-rooms, Lecture Halls and Athenæums (golly, what buildings!), gymnasia and swimming baths. We have a staff of lecturers and instructors, a football ground and a polo ground, a Bridge Club, and several restaurants. There is nothing that we deny our pulpers, for we know that the man who pulps the forest rules the world.

Some of these details may strike the reader as superfluous, but we assure him that experience teaches that this is a subject on which no amount of trumpet-blowing is *de trop*; and we are making arrangements for a much wider publicity of what the peers, not unnaturally, call our "high treason," by means of supplements to the illustrated papers, animated photographs, and so forth. The world, in short, cannot be too much instructed in the art of paper-making. It has got to listen.



Sadie. "DO TELL US THE JAPANESE FOR 'HOW DO YOU DO,' MR. KATSU."

(Noise like foot being pulled out of swamp.)

Sadie. "ARE YOU SURE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Camera Adventures in the African Wilds is the title of a thirty-shilling book, published by HEINEMANN, beautifully printed and got up, and illustrated by the most wonderful photographs imaginable. Observe, for instance, the rhinoceros on page 6. He was "snapped at a distance of fifteen feet in the act of charging the author and his companion." When you look at him, his tail and ears well up, you will be thankful that you were somewhere else at the time. "Hippopotamus and a crocodile" is another cheery picture; and so is the flashlight photograph of a lioness, taken when she was facing the camera, and only ten yards away from it. The intrepid author and photographer (if anyone so far from the Pole may be called "intrepid") is A. RADCLIFFE DUGMORE, and many people will prefer Mr. DUGMORE as a sportsman to—well, to others whom it would be inopportune to mention. His main object was not to kill, but to study; I hope I may say that I am glad of that, without being called a pro-rhinoceros. Of course, some animals "sat" to him better than others, and occasionally it was necessary to shoot a bad sitter in order to save the camera (not to mention the photographer); but this was done only in self-defence—never in anger because the subject failed to keep the expression. Mr. DUGMORE's account of his adventures is nearly as exciting as his numerous pictures, and his book is certainly one which should be in the library of every sportsman and nature-lover.

I fancy *The Cunner's Son* (MILLS AND BOON) was among other South Sea folk whose acquaintance Sir GILBERT PARKER made when he lived and worked in Australia, not dreaming of the House of Commons, much less of Westminster Abbey. He is fortunate in having at an impressionable age found his lines cast in pleasant places in the rich lands of Canada and Australia. Continent and island share the advantage, since one does not recall any writer who possesses in larger degree the gift of being able to reproduce glowing scenery by a few strokes of the pen. This quality is supplemented by a greater one, the power of creating and describing human character. Sir GILBERT is indeed the BRET HARTE of the South Seas, telling in a few pages moving stories of the rough-and-ready folk who people its islands. It is probable that these vivid sketches were his earliest efforts in literature, were published in Australian papers and magazines, and have now been collected for the edification and pleasure of gentlemen (and ladies) of England who live at home at ease. However that be, it is a charming volume, full of life and light and colour.

Two heads and but a single tale,
Two ready hands that write as one
(For METHUEN): these never fail
C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON.

Lord Loveland (who's a peer that needs
Money to help his ancient name)
Discovers—so the title reads—
America, in quest of same.

His plan is just to find a mate—
No matter whom, so long as she
Can enter the connubial state
Equipped with boundless £ s. d.

The scheme goes wrong; pride has a fall;
His lordship humbly bites the dust;
But things come right at last, as all
Good novel readers know they must.

"I have simply tried to draw the men and women I have known, with all their perplexities and imperfections," says STELLA M. DURING in a preface to *The End of the Rainbow* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); and I think that her book would have gained in attractiveness if she had treated her heroine a little more mercifully. *Lilith Somers*, who furnished most of the "perplexities," began by being expelled from school, although in this incident both she and *Lady Nora Mansfield* (who also uses an alias—*Lady Mansfield*) have my sympathy. I can-



FORGOTTEN SPORT—DASHING THE HABER.

(From an illuminated missal in the Library of the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers.)

not, however, sympathise with *Lilith* when she returned home and made what I must call matrimonial hay of her kind, vulgar family. Her sisters' "young men"—a dissenting minister and a shop-assistant (pomatumed)—worshipped at her shrine, and it seemed strange that she did not guess what they were doing. She lived in an orgie of unsatisfied longings, and her flights in search of religion had such peculiar results that *Mrs. Somers* was quite right to be alarmed by them. The author has drawn a most difficult character with considerable skill, but I can well understand that the many "imperfections" of *Lilith* may be an offence to those who prefer their heroines to be of the first water. Anyhow, I never read a truer preface.

"The *impasse* continues. Mr. Asquith is indisposed to eat the Irish leek."—*Times of Ceylon*.

He would certainly be indisposed if he did eat it. Much better try the Welsh shamrock.

"The School of Tropical Medicine has awarded J. L. Todd, of McGill, Montreal, a medal for valuable contributions to the science of tropical medicine."—*Manitoba Free Press*.

It is not much, but he should choose dinner and make the most of it.